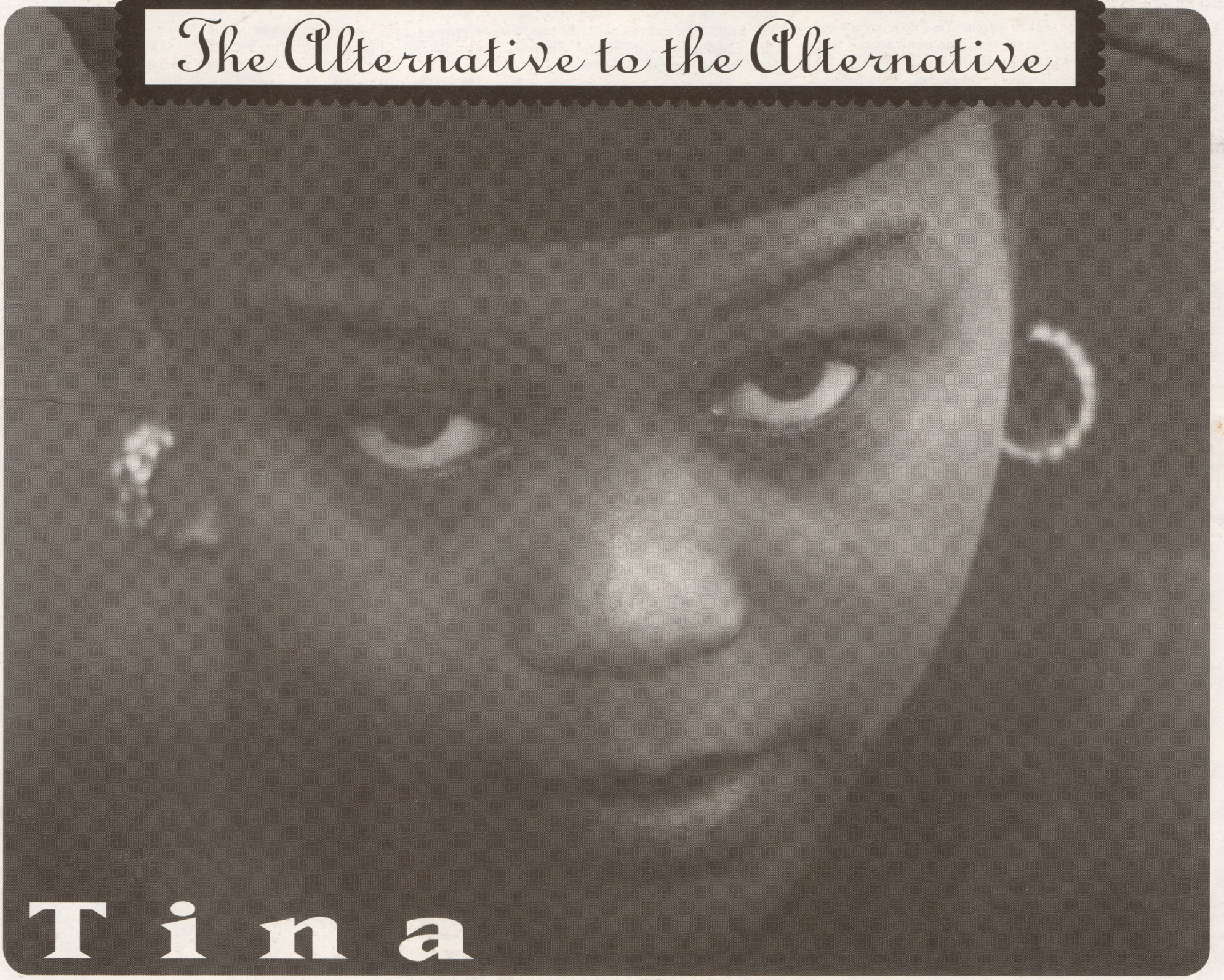
LiCK

The Alternative to the Alternative



Tina Arradondo

January/Febuary 1995, Volume 1, Number 7

Balloon Guy, Ghost Dance Deluxe, Sanctus, DogShine, Genesis Brigade

LiPS

Letters From Our Readers

A Definition Done Wrong

Let me be the first to say Collard Green Rob ain't shit. In his "District 202" article he defined a bisexual person as someone who "tosses a coin in the air and doesn't care what side it lands on allowing them to get busy with both the opposite and same sex." I found it very inaccurate and offensive to bisexuals like myself. Yes I do enjoy the company of both sexes, but my sexual decisions are not capricious and whimsical as he made them out to be. We fall in and out of passion just like anybody else. So on behalf of bisexual women in MPLS, please shut the fuck up and keep your asinine opinions to yourself.—Bija Porters—Uptown

Response: *Nice S.A.T. words. O.K. I apologize for my egregious error all I meant by that was that you all like to have a good time no matter what direction the loving is coming from, so lightin' up a little bit,there is nothing wrong with having a healthy two way sexual appetite.*

A Lick Boycott!?

Just because I chain-smoke, believe in preserving the environment, don't call women the "B" word, and am in the process of becoming in touch with my spiritual side, does not mean I'm some weirdo like your "Sensitive-Pony-Tail-Man" article implies. Furthermore, I find the rest of your paper to be extremely offensive and juvenile. I hope you do something to change the content, otherwise, myself and others will be forced to boycott your obnoxious "ragazine"—John Lucas—ST. Paul

Response: In case you haven't decided on a plan of attack, try this suggestion; I'm informally inviting you and some of your long haired maggot infested cohorts to chain yourselves to the big oak tree outside of our office in South MPLS for two free hours. Every hour after that, will cost you $1.95. Not bad rates huh? Besides, it will give you a chance to put your arms around something besides that blow up doll you call "Rosie".

A Conservative Area Indeed

Hey Lick, I'm a regular reader and I have to say that I really enjoy reading your publication. There are times when I don't agree with what you're saying and become completely outraged by what is written. On the other hand, I've had some pretty good fits of uncontrollable laughter that I probably wouldn't get from any other newspaper in the T.C.'s. What I value the most is your willingness to take a risk and report situations unblemished and raw mixed with comedy. That takes a lot of guts in an area as conservative as the Twin Cities, where the norm is seldom challenged. Keep it up!
Victoria Strong—ST Louis Park

Response: *Thank you for your encomium my dear. We often do shed less than grateful lights upon the self-righteous of our community, but it is all in the artful tradition of exchanging ideas that fuels thought and new paths to insights. I also cannot agree with you more in assessing the Twin Cities as extremely conservative when it comes to new ideas different approaches, and letting loose.*

Who's Fakin' The Front?

I happened to run into your October 1994 issue in Bloomington on my way to work. I am in the entertainment business and try to keep abreast of what's up in the business. At any rate, I saw "School of Thought on the front page and thought that I should check it out. I read the article on the men who said they were "School of Thought" and said "Oh shit"! They really perpetratin'." I think the article itself was a good attempt at giving the "underground" some exposure. Wrong underground reps. If I could take a moment to briefly indulge. First and foremost. I am School of Thought. The people that were interviewed in your October 1994 issue are x-members of School of Thought. I was the founder, owner and manager of School of Thought, it has never been any other way. I founded School of Thought in 1989. I included Charles Bryant (A.K.A.) Mahdi or "Next"), Julian Anderson (A.K.A. D.J. Jules), and Melvin Green (A.K.A. D.J. IXL), along with a host of other characters, I managed the gigs at the Varsity Theater, Norma Jeans, Glam Slam, Gatsby's, The Mission and the University of Minnesota, just to name a few. I hired these characters to D.J. at my parties and later brought in Mike Livingston and Richard Strong (A.K.A. D.J. Spank) to hang out with us and collect some "props" as well as Richard Woody (A.K.A. M.C. BLAC) to start making rhymes over the music that I produced. To make a long story short, conflicts came about as to who was doing what, so I decided to pack up my organization and move on into a different direction. One of the main conflicts was what School of Thought was all about. I can see by the interview that they still don't get it. School of Thought is not about smokin' blunts, chillin', groupies (fame), etc. School of Thought is about leaving this place (earth, life) in a better position than it was when I came into it. School of Thought earned mad props in the community for doing educational and entertainment functions...How dare they conduct an interview frontin' they ass off!!!
The point is this man, they are trying to benefit off of my shit because of their lack of creativity and business know how. This fraud is just another medium they are using to disrespect me and my work...I am sure that you can understand how frustrating it is to have some vampire opportunist to misrepresent your shit at your expense. It goes to show you..."There's Alotta shady People In This Neighborhood."—Jamal Harut

Response: *Damn, that shit is fucked up. Either way, remember that LiCK's name is Bennet and we ain't even in it.*
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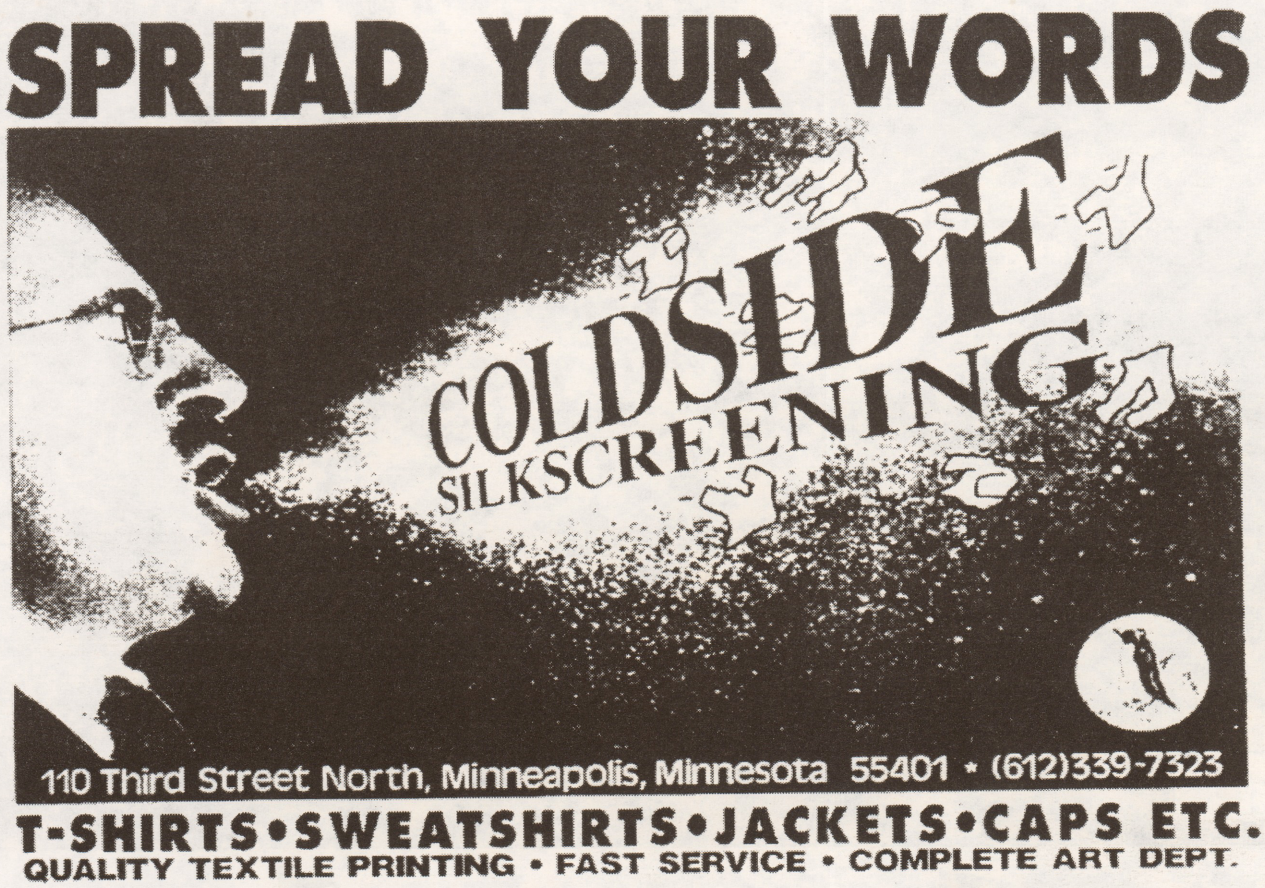
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Lick values the responses of our readers to anything in the issue that you may find either offensive or entertaining. Don't be afraid to curse us out or give us praises. **Send your responses to: Lick P.O. Box 580367 Mpls. MN 55458. or call 438-7099.**

Darren Newby

LiCK seeks only serious and reliable writers and photographers who wish to be published. Novices and amatures are encouraged to respond.

CALL AT (612) 438-7099.

Letter From The Editor

In the midst of a society that aggressively pursues ideological and social uniformity, we have constructed LICK. Our goal is to compliment and improve upon the work done by the established alternative media in the Twin Cities. By concentrating on local music scenes which are traditionally disregarded via in-depth interviews, commentary, news, and an alternative sports section, our mission comes full circle and complete.

Because we seek to inform and entertain with a mixture of thought-provoking ideas and perspectives, we strongly encourage reader responses.

As most of our readers know, the music and culture of the Twin Cities has set national standards. But those successes should not be allowed to overshadow the priceless treasures buried deep beneath the core of the local scene. Lick is written testimony to the value of mixing business with pleasure and unearthing the underground. We invite you, the reader, to walk with us between pages that reveal our souls in the rawest form as we take an exclusive look at the Twin City's music scene.

Sincerely,

James Cook

LiCK
The Alternative to the Alternative

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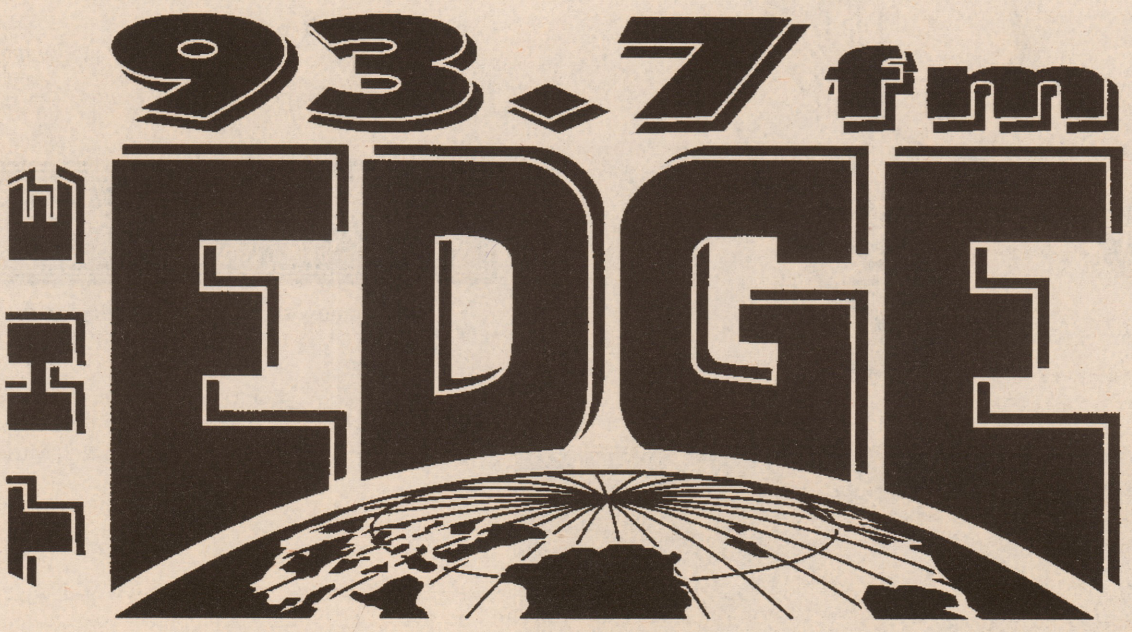

SANCTUS

"We want to be the beer. We want to get the fans drunk on us, on the experience."—ALAN

SANCTUS: The Kids Are Alright!

I BELIEVE IN ME
I BELIEVE IN SOMETHING
MORE THAN YOU CAN UNDERSTAND
YES, I BELIEVE IN ME
"I" BY KISS (THE ELDER)

by Jodi Henning

What were you doing when you were 13? While I was listening to "Philadelphia Freedom" by Elton John and trying to decide which velour
V-neck matched my Levi's cords, the guys in Sanctus were forming one of the tightest, heaviest "metal" bands in the Twin Cities.

Today, at the ripe old ages of 17 and 18, they are still going strong and sounding better than ever. Whatever you do, don't write Sanctus off as "just some kids" who sound like Metallica. They are, hands down, the most motivated and optimistic group I know of. After four years together their outlook hasn't changed and they've formed a bond as a result of their shared goals. When I got together with Sanctus, Alan Douglas (vocals- lyrics-guitar), Cory Swap (bass), and Christopher Blood (drums and a great rock name), their sense of humor was apparent. Missing was Mike Geronsin who you must see live—he makes playing metal look like a walk in the park. He is also the one responsible for naming the band Sanctus; I asked what it meant and the education began:
Alan: "Sanctus means "holy" but I interpret it as a whole unit, like a band, and we're all in it together, or else we could be the hole in a doughnut and everything is going around us."

Cory: "Actually, it means holy, holy, holy like a praise done in the Catholic communion, so it's kind of got a musical connotation to it. I think of it as being holy like pure, and we're pure essence when we're at our best. It's just four guys and what we're about. The purity of that is holy."

Lick: Is that what makes you different from other bands?

Alan: "The thing that sets us apart from other bands is the fact that a lot of other bands are trying to sell beer.

Basically, that's the goal of their band. We consider ourselves to be more of a concert band, you know, something you would go to see, an event."

Cory: "To the regular bar-drinking crowd, a band is just entertainment, it's just secondary to the drinking. We want to be more like, you go to see the band first and drinking is a secondary thing."

Alan: "Yeah, we want to be the beer. We want to get the fans drunk on us, on the experience."

Cory: "They'll come out going ,Whoah, man! Sanctus!" (Holds stomach and makes barfing noises)

Chris: "But seriously, it's true that big bands do that. People get high off the band; they feel it."

Alan:" If you can thrust your pelvis to our songs then it's good, then we're happy. That's what I want to be known for—pelvic thrusting!"

Cory: "....As far as feeling goes, the songwriting used to be what stuff sounded like. You could have three riffs, a bridge and a few choruses and that was a song: verse, chorus, verse. Now we're going for more of a feel, like emotionally and physically so that you'll actually want to move to it and it just stirs you."

Lick: Does the crowd's reaction have an effect on your performance?

Alan: "Oh, definitely. I get on stage and there is nothing in life that is better than that, there really isn't. I can't even live without it....."

Cory: "When we're in between shows I get to the point where I don't feel right. It's sort of like depression in a way."

Alan: "You feel like a nobody."

Cory: "You get really used to performing live, and you need that and you expect it, and if you don't have it you're really not up to par, like you're ideal, where you'd like to be."

Lick: I'm sure it's a big release for you guys. You can get up on stage and get it all out of you.

Alan: "Playing on stage is a lot like taking a crap. It seems so hard to do at first, but when it finally comes, it's great."

Lick: And you have to do it once in a while or you get all clogged up!

Cory: "Yeah, and that anticipation before the show is like constipation—you can't do anything."

Alan: "Yep. You're walking around, your face is turning red..."

Cory: "Until those lights go down and you go on stage and it's like WHOOSH! AAAHH!"

Lick: Are you trying to reach more than the usual metal audience? You do have the reputation for being Metallica Jr.

Chris: "Yeah, we are "Metallibabies" but we've been trying for forever to get over that. There are so many bands you can hear influences of in our music, but I don't believe we copy any of them."

Cory: "I think right now there are two extremes: alternative and death metal; Sanctus is in between. I've always thought "why not get both crowds?" We don't aim for any one kind of person; we do what we want to do and if it spans across musical genres, then that's great. If our music can reach more people that's the point. The whole reason of a band, I believe, is to voice your opinion. If Al writes lyrics in the form of poetry and keeps it to himself and never shows anyone, then it's pointless."

Alan: "We try to write about things everyone can relate to, everything in life, but each person gets their own meaning out of it. We're just trying to reach people with our music and we want to pass it on to the next generation and let them know it's alright to be yourself. The most rewarding thing about being in Sanctus so far, for me, was when Mike and I were asked to do a guitar seminar at Coon Rapids Junior High School. One of the kids told me 'Nobody believed you guys would come here, but I knew you would. I knew you guys would come through for me.' It's stuff like that [that] hits you in the soft spot."

It's confidence and belief in themselves that has kept Sanctus going for so long. They are four guys who share ambition and a common destiny: to get signed and see the world. They don't care if it's on their "LiCK The Toilet Bowl Tour" with cheap hotels and buses, they just want to get out there to play and make people feel their charge. I think these guys can do it; they certainly want it bad enough to stick with it even while attending school and holding down part time jobs. I told them I was envious of them because they had realized their dream so early and were pursuing it energetically. They told me not to be jealous, but to be happy for them because they won't have to look back and regret not following their desires later in life. Pretty wise words from a bunch of "kids" who want to be known for pelvic thrusting!

If your enthusiasm for local music needs a shot in the arm, a swift kick in the ass, or a loud release of metal energy, then get out there and bang your heads with the guys in Sanctus. Also, remember to pick up their latest EP "Unclear"—it beats the hell out of Elton John and corduroys!

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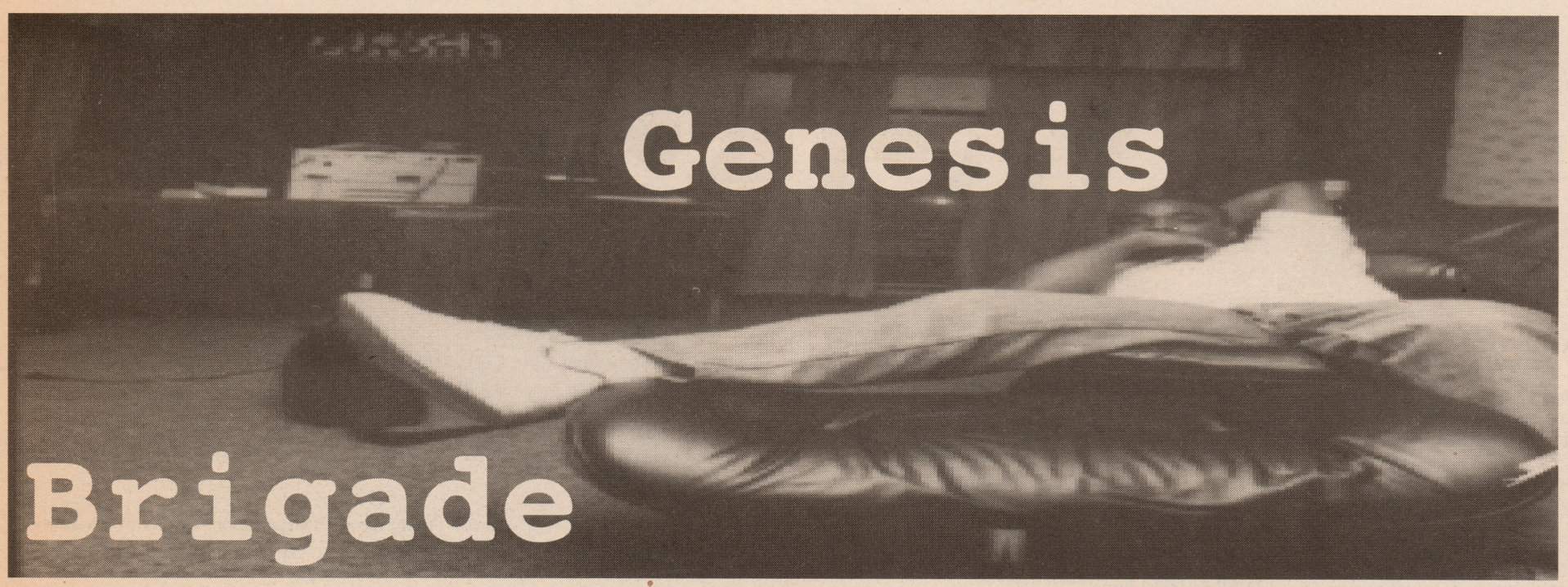

We're movin' on
Keepin' strong
Don't you let them steer you wrong
It's a groove thang...Zhane
"Groove Thang"

By Collard Green Rob
Photos by Jeremy Hever

At one time or another we've all walked down Hennepin Avenue on a Thursday afternoon, wondering what batch of mischief the weekend has in store for us. Just as you've run across all the bogus ideas for entertaining yourself, you look up and somebody is placing a colorful leaflet into your confused world suggesting that you join them for an upcoming event, show, or club night. If you recognize this scenario, then it's likely you've informally met the guys in Genesis-Brigade Productions, or "GB" for short.

Genesis-Brigade Productions is a company that specializes in club and concert promotions and DJ services for events in the Twin Cities area. The four members that make up the group: Israel Akinsanya, Gage, Brent Sayers, and Raphael Benza (A.K.A. "Selectah") are responsible for a wide variety of duties; anything from distributing flyers to structuring large parties, concerts and club nights. The most well-known affairs the group has been involved with are: the DJ'ing of the Queen Latifah concert with DAS EFX, Club Calabash, Lollapalooza, Tuesday Night at the Rogue, and the current weekly radio program, with Chip Tenille, "Strictly Butta'". What Genesis-Brigade brings to the table is the ability to effectively reach the young African-American community in the Twin Cities.

"There is really no other way to market to urban blacks in Minnesota; most of the major companies don't know how to reach urban black youths," said Brent, describing how Genesis-Brigade Productions can fulfill the needs of much larger marketing firms.

What You Didn't Know

When an idea for an event or show comes to the group, all four "heads" get together and decide whether or not it is something they wish to be involved with. Their criteria is simple: the event must be positive overall, and should be beneficial to the community; to some degree it must also be economically feasible, and "If it's not genuine we don't really wanna' get with it, no matter what it is" said Gage of how "GB" is committed to the promotion of events that stay true to the urban aesthetic. (Vanilla Ice would not be welcome.) Once an event is considered to be a "good" undertaking, they decide who is best suited to take on the job, or if it is something all four of them need to be involved with. Raphael (A.K.A. "Selectah") is the one who handles most of the Reggae and Dance Hall (Genesis-Brigade was one of the first to add to it their club formats). Israel typically handles the business side by coordinating appointments between all of the necessary elements to make an event work. Both Brent and Gage spin the Hip-Hop, but are also expanding into the production side of the business. Brent is also known to play more of the "old school" jams when it's his turn to DJ. These roles are not specifically assigned to each member, as they are all capable of DJ'Ing anything from Hip-Hop to mainstream Pop.These are just the duties that each tends to fall into. With descriptive hand movements, Brent expounded on their diversity, "You could consider all of us to a certain degree DJ's, advertisers, promoters, and so on."

How It All Began

Genesis-Brigade productions came together like the business trends of the late eighties: as a merger. Sometime around 1989-1990 Raphael and Israel began throwing parties in their mom's house, church basements, warehouses, and any other space that could handle all-night music, big crowds and dancing. During this time they worked under the name "Prime Time Productions", until Channel Nine claimed it, so they changed to "Genesis" with the motto "It's only the beginning." Brent and Gage, meanwhile, were heating up the South side with parties given under the name "Brigade" productions. An extreme interest in Hip-Hop kept Brent and Gage's noses in magazine's such as The Source, and while they stayed up-to-date on the latest music and changes in the Hip-Hop industry, they wanted to be more involved with the production side of the program. One day, after a year of working on different sides of Glenwood Avenue, Brent was at a party being hosted by Raphael and Israel on 42nd and Lyndale Avenue N. He saw that there were a lot of people there, but that it wasn't filled to capacity. With this in mind, the two groups figured that if they consolidated their efforts (as both had established followings throughout the twin Cities) then their resources and depth would increase and reach beyond their separate potential. Hence, the four of them created their own small body of troops with the same goal in mind, and named it "Genesis-Brigade Productions." The synthesis into one entity is a direct off-shoot of the philosophy "GB" adheres to. Raphael explained, "We try to hook up with every other production company there Is. Big ones small one's.....And we still knockin' on the door saying, 'hey man, it's a black thing let's all work together rather than be separate'." Despite their willing attitude towards working with other production groups in the Twin Cities, some of the personal egos and agendas of various companies has, at times, put a damper on the collective heart of the group, but hasn't stopped them.

Tuesday Nights at the Rogue. What happened?

In 1994, the City Pages voted Tuesday Nights at the Rogue the best night to go out in the Twin Cities. Despite this heralded acclaim, the night withered away in the same manner that previous club night's with large black support have in the past. Why, you ask? Well, Sit ya' ass back and learn.

When Genesis-Brigade Productions first came together with the Rogue's management, they sat down with Adreena Mcgill, the co-promoter of the night, and developed a musical format and promotional scheme. After a lot of planning and organization, Tuesday night finally fermented into a successful reality. Damn near every week they had a full house. When Tuesday nights got off the ground there were other people within the Rogue's organization, like Laurie Ledonne and Lisa Bachman, who were very important as far as "GB's" contact with the management was concerned. After about six months, the Minneapolis "Po-Po" (Police for the squares), who are extremely paranoid when it comes to gatherings that attract large numbers of black people, made the Rogue a prime target of their vigilance, and then the harassment began.

With a tinge of anger at "5-0's" actions, Gage recounted, "Let' s keep in mind that at the Rogue there was never no full-fledge like super brawls inside the club; there was never no shootings outside the club; there was never no shooting inside the club....The police started bearing down on the folks at the Rogue....For no reason, they would walk [into the Rogue] in a single file, five or six of them motherfuckers, and be like, 'Everybody leave'." "GB" also maintains that they had dress codes, searches, and security to aid in keeping the night relatively incident-free. At the same time, their main contacts at the Rogue, Ledonne and Bachman, both left-putting them in a position to deal with a management who was starting to think twice about the night.

"The police started bearing down on the folks at the Rogue....For no reason, they would walk [into the Rogue] in a single file, five or six of them motherfuckers, and be like, 'Everybody leave'."

"They're gettin' pressure from the police, and they're gettin' pressure from the city, [in terms of their liquor license] so it's understandable, but they weren't willing to stick it out at all...It was not someone who had it in their heart that they were going to back urban night...so when it out-weighed the options for that money to come into their hands, they said "see ya'." said Brent. Genesis-

Brigade does give the Rogue its "props" because "they at least tried," added Israel, but the end result is that there are now even fewer places to go for a young African-American community that is growing by leaps and bounds yearly.

Despite the demise of Tuesday nights at the Rogue, Genesis-Brigade Productions has not lost a LiCK of momentum as they are currently in the process of producing a DJ mix tape with the "phattest" beats for party purposes. They hope to host some larger events as well as something similar to the recent Universal Parliament Hip-Hop Microphone Check Showcases, where local artists are given a chance to perform. They also hope to expand the Club Calabash nights, which feature the latest in Dance Hall and Reggae. In the meantime, if your thirst for some good music needs a quencher, tune into the KFAI radio show "Strictly Butta", Saturday nights on KFAI (90.3 MPLS/106.7 ST. Paul) from ten to midnight. Otherwise, keep your ears to the street, and something hosted by Genesis-Brigade will definitely come your way. Later...

"You could consider all of us to a certain degree DJ's, advertisers, promoters, and so on."

Genesis-Brigade Productions: A Small Body Of Troops With The Same Goal In Mind

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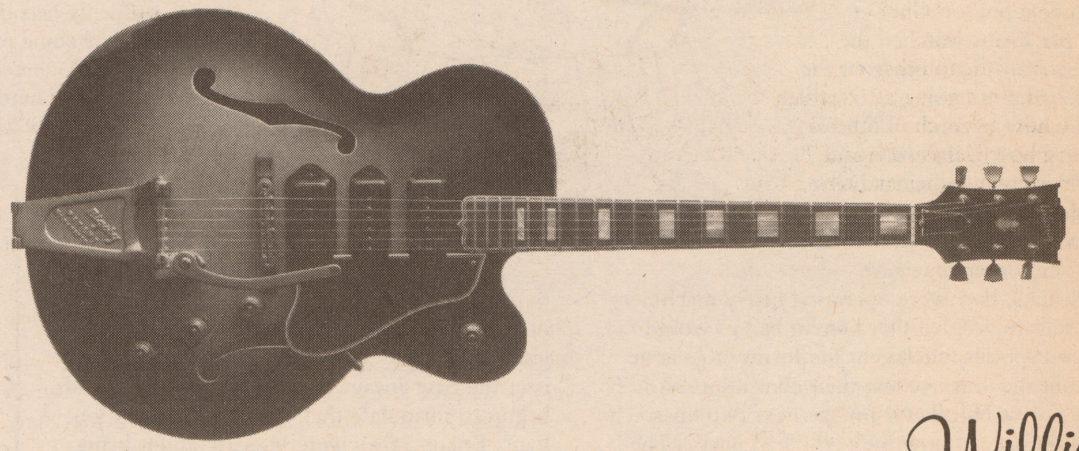

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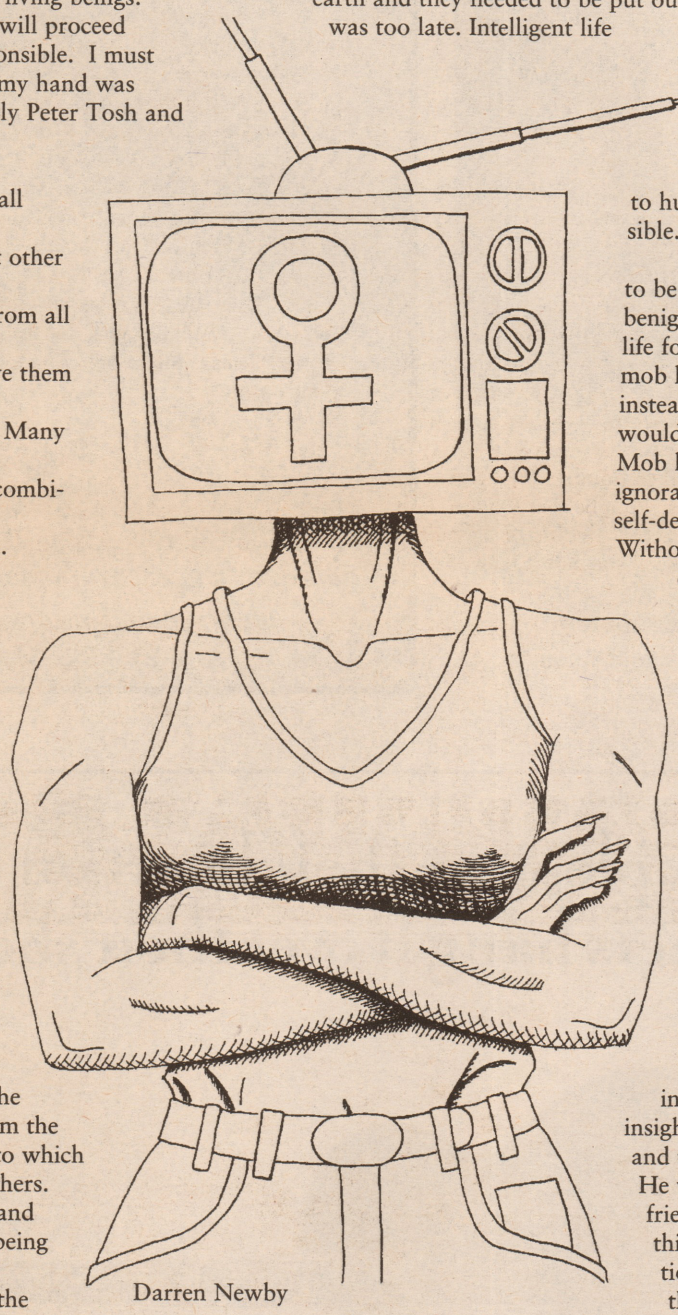
Opinions

MTV Feminism's Revenge
..Says I'm on a wild goose chase
The laws of nature they just can't face.
Ambition to mash up the place...
Who shall save the human race...
Who shall save the human race...?
"Wild Goose Chase"- Steel Pulse

by James Cook

Author's note: If you find your mind being dry-humped by adjectives and pimp-slapped by verbs, there are two things that you must remember. I believe that the spiritual world has the ability to possess living beings. I say these things in hopes that you will proceed with caution for I am not fully responsible. I must confess that as I wrote these words my hand was guided by dead reggae heroes, namely Peter Tosh and Bob Marley.



Darren Newby

Humanity began just like all other life forms on earth: primitive, communing with nature and all that other pre-evolutionary bullshit. But something set human beings apart from all other creatures on earth and they advanced on a tangent that gave them considerable domination over all other living things on the planet. Many folks like to believe that human beings owe their advancement to a combination of brain power and the possession of the coaxial digit (a.k.a. thumb). Others cling to the illusion that some supreme "vato", known around the way as God, Allah, Buddha, or Jehovah granted humans the right to dominate the ert'. But da' real trut' Mon, is that the human race just got lucky. If natural selection was a crap game, then the 'fools" rolled snake-ayes'. Mon. But in a galaxy far, far, way fucking far away, other life forms- you know Martians and kling-on's and all types of other whacked out space shit- have been kickin' it since long before human life on earth. Throughout time, in between rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, and sippin' on Gin and juice, these life forms watched the development of earthly creatures from the beginning. They had a bet going as to which species would advance beyond all others. The odds were in favor of dolphins and pigs. The thought of human beings being chosen by nature never even crossed their superior minds. Humans were the scum of the ert'. Eef da' human race were a race of drunks, they were operating heavy machinery. Mon. So when nature decided that human beings would become the chosen species, intelligent life forms in galactic barrios throughout the universe lost their composure. And if I may kick the Cypress Hill flavor for the next two lines. The Martians spilled the gin, so now they only had juice....The kling-ons threw the indo out the window.....And together, they released a resounding, Oh Shit! Human beings were sure to fuck it up for everybody. They would create complex social structures and divide themselves according to obscure criteria like race, religion, and the almighty dollar. These complex social structures, along with technological advances in the name of progress, would mean the inevitable destruction of Mother Earth and a disruption in the delicate pH balance of the universe. Keeping these tings' in mind, intelligent life forms made a series of predictions about the dismal future of the human race. Mon. They predicted Reaganomics.They predicted Ricki Lake.They predicted country music. They predicted Keystone Lite. They predicted a chicken crossing the road to get to the other side and that the Pope would wear a funny hat. But in their greatest prediction of all time, they knew it was gonna' be a bright, bright, bright sunny day! These intelligent life forms felt sorry for the human race. Humans were the scum of the earth and they needed to be put out of their misery before it was too late. Intelligent life forms decided that it would be best to administer some sort of euthanasia to humanity as quickly as possible.

The method would have to be subtle but swift, and benign yet lethal. Intelligent life forms came up wid' da mob logic, Mon. Mob logic, instead of total destruction, would be the only solution. Mob logic would utilize human ignorance to initiate a series of self-destructive chain reactions. Without going into too much detail, at particular intervals throughout human history, intelligent life forms would descend upon the earth in German-made UFO's. In most cases, these intelligent life forms would roll up on some unlucky human being whose American-made automobile broke down near a cornfield in the middle of butt-fuck Egypt. Mr. Unlucky would see the UFO and suddenly become inspired by some profound insight about the condition and the future of mankind. He would then tell his girlfriend about this observation. And then she would tell two friends and so on...and so on....and so on.... But before intelligent life forms- in galaxies far far away even had the chance to administer the first dosage, human beings had already begun to formulate their own systems of mob logic. Because they were insecure about being human and unable to explain their surroundings, they developed religion. Because they were at a loss when it came to governing themselves, they developed capitalism, communism, and socialism. In this day and age, individuals are inclined to base their personalities on opposing or advocating the dogma associated with some form of mob logic. Capitalism, for instance, at its most pathetic levels fosters Republicans and Democrats. The internal struggle between self-aggrandizing Afro-centricity and mental disorientation breeds Black-Revolutionaries-Without-A-Revolution. The confused state of being dismally liberal, politically accurate, white, male, and extremely phony cultivates Sensitive-Pony-Tail-Men.

Sexism, however, was by far the most complicated form of mob logic. With all due respect, every brand of mob logic is a derivative of sexism. The result was that the most illogical half of the human species acquired all the power. Gender inequality meant that humanity was doomed from the beginning and if humanity had any hope, it was women. With these things in mind, prehistoric women devised a scheme for humanity's redemption. This blueprint would be passed down from one generation of women to the next. The plan was called feminism The feminist plan ran pretty much according to schedule until the early 1920's. A man named Vladimir Zworykin saw a UFO one day and invented the television on the next. By the 1990's, the use of Zworykin's invention to dispense mob logic would become an art form. And during this decade, a generation of ideological couch potatoes would inherit feminism. The new form of feminism would be called MTV feminism. Humanity was up sheet' creek wit' a leaky boat and no paddle. Mon. If you've never seen MTV feminists in action, just imagine a room full of football meatheads on a Monday night. In the midst of some hard-core belching, farting and beer-guzzling, the referee calls a bad play. Without warning a meathead rushes to the fridge and takes a beer can out. He smashes it over his head and shakes his beer-gut all about. He does the hokey-pokey and throws popcorn all around...That's what football meatheads and MTV Feminists are all about. But unlike standard-issue football fans who represent every possible human malfunction, MTV feminists come from a very narrow segment of society. They are most likely to be of the white, upper-middle-class lineage of "Generation-X". And their dedication to gender equality directly correlates to Mom and Dad's pocketbook.

Fashion also plays a part in determining their degree of commitment to feminist causes. Granola MTV Feminists tend to take the Gandhian approach. Granolas are known for knit sweaters, shredded jeans with holes in all the right places, flower print dresses and Birkenstock Sandals. Birkenstocks come in handy when it's time to pick flowers and score miracles.

Next in line are the "G-Thang" MTV Feminists. "G-Thang" Feminists are middle of the road when it comes to women's issues. Their fashion statement is a bit goofy to say the least. They tend to have difficulties with simple tasks such as walking and running because they sport Xtra-large hip-hop/skater trousers and Vans that they

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borrowed from their freeloading boyfriends.

Fuck-Off-You-Sexist -Pig MTV Feminists are on the terrorist end of the feminist spectrum. The only fashion statement that a Fuck-Off-You-Sexist-Pig Feminist makes is her big-ass mouth. She can always be found at anti-war rallies carrying a sign that consists of a placard nailed to a baseball bat. She is always trying to convince everyone that America could have won Vietnam if the general had been a woman. At the moment, her boyfriend is in the hospital suffering through plastic surgery. Two nights ago they had a minor disagreement about who is better equipped to club baby seals, men or women? She found that the soles of her Doctor Marten's were useful when it came time for her to stamp Ass-Whoopin' Wair footprints on his face.

MTV Feminology is firmly rooted in the ideologies of prime-time MTV programming. In between videos, MTV broadcasts an agenda for social activism and moral rectitude that complements a misguided view of feminism. Following The Head are a series of commercials in which people ask for donations for one cause or another. For instance, Sally Struthers needs money for food and then maybe..just maybe, she'll share some of her dinner with the starving children of Africa. In between Beavis and Butthead, The United Colors of Benetton suggest that proper fashion is the first step towards eliminating racism. In between the melodramas of The Real World, Trojan gives profound lessons on how to exist in reality: Get Real..If you don't have a parachute..don't jump. As they sit watching MTV it becomes clear to MTV Feminists that they are at war with a patriarchal society. And in violent times such as these, prime-time MTV programming is what provokes them to spread random acts of kindness and senseless acts of beauty.

MTV's show, "Unplugged,' is another source of wisdom for MTV Feminists. This program features popular artists giving acoustic performances. In reality, the program boils down to one unplugged tragedy after another seizing the opportunity to act politically correct on just about every subject known to Man. Before his tragic end, the scrappy looking guy who mistook a few .45 slugs for Listerine said that homeless people are in a state of residential- denial. His widow, who knows that she will ache like I ache, says that deaf people are closed-captionally inclined. Her new lover, a guy who claims to be a natural born killer, says that Caucasians are racially-at-fault. His transvestite lover, a guy who believes that he's not the man he used to be, predicted that John Bobbit would be genitally- incomplete. His former bitch from San Quentin- the same guy who thought that K.C. Jones was driving that train, high on cocaine- was quoted saying that O.J. Simpson is correctionally- facilitated. His former drug-dealer, a girl who just wants to have some fun...until the sun comes up over Santa Monica Boulevard, named her alcoholic brother, who is confined to crutches, most likely to collapse.

MTV Feminists also have a spiritual side. They worship Oprah Winfrey. At the peak of their brightest menstrual hour, a group of sanctimonious, melodramatic, under-areobicized young women lie prostrate before a television set that casts an image of Oprah Winfrey. Today's topic is Boyfriends Who Freeload Off Of Their Girlfriends. Yesterday's topic was Freeloading Boyfriends And Their Girlfriends. Tomorrow's topic will be The Demise Of The Modern Girlfriend: Freeloading Boyfriends. A young man in the audience (probably a freeloading boyfriend) stands up to disagree with a statement made by a female panelist. A few of the women in the audience form a circle around him and proceed to rip him to shreds just like the women in A Handmaid's Tale. In the meantime, MTV Feminists throw Diet Coke cans and spoonfuls of Nonfat Blueberry Yogurt at the TV set.

During the commercial breaks, acts of protest on the part of MTV Feminists become even more perilous. Instances of women being exploited to sell products can only mean danger for the television set. As you may have guessed, Diet Coke cans and spoonfuls of Nonfat Blueberry Yogurt are merely friendly fire compared to the true capabilities of MTV Feminists. Wesson, Pinesol, and Tide commercials perpetuate the passive housewife myth. MTV Feminists react by throwing plates and glasses at the TV. Commercials like Jiff, Vics, Kix, Robitussin, Sunny Delight, suggest that a woman's place is on her back, at the stove or at the center of a nuclear family. At this point, they are compelled to bombard the television set with vases and telephones. Maybeline, Revlon, and Haynes commercials proclaim that the life of a single career woman is unfulfilled until she gets a man. The answer to this proclamation includes gardening/home improvement implements like pitchforks and sledgehammers. Miller Genuine Draft, Strohs, and Bugle Boy blatantly use women's bodies to sell men's products. MTV Feminists respond to these commercials with a wide variety of conventional and nuclear hardware ranging from "sawed-offs" and "twelve-gauges" to short-range, heat-sensitive, nuclear missiles.

These days, it is safe to say that mob logic will eventually run its course unless the citizens of this male-dominated society learn to swim and catch the rhythm of the stroke- flash light, Bud light, neon light. MTV Feminists must build so that sexist pigs may Gasp!...Ah...Ahhhhh!-come. Every step towards gender equality that society takes together brings us one step closer to realizing the MTV Feminist's dream. MTV Feminists have a dream that is deeply rooted in the American dream. They dream of a day when this Nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident that all womyn and men are created equal-except, of course, when it comes to Brad Pitt movies, Melrose Place and the final stages of procreation. MTV Feminists have a dream that one day television stations across the country will only broadcast non-gender specific commercials. They have a dream. They dream of Head & Shoulders-If your hair is dry and nappy this blue and white shit will make it happy! They dream of Irish Spring- Uh ungowa, yo' daddy needs a showa' uh uh don't laugh you mama needs a bath! They dream of D-I-A-L-L-A-W-Y-E-R-S - when your ass is in a jammer we'll keep it out the slammer! (for a small fee of course). They dream of Genie. They dream of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum- Dat' breat', Dat' breat'....it's keellin' me to death. Mon. They dream of Cover Girl- if your face is super FUGLY..well baby you shit out of luck! They dream of Dairy Queen-unlike your freeloading boyfriend, We treat you right!

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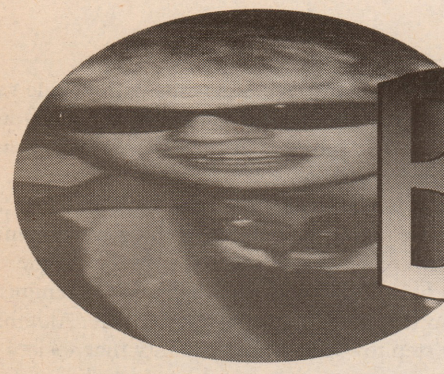

Balloon Guy

Only to an insomniac is the coming of the dawn
the beginning, and a signal, of a day who's dreaded song
will sing the melodies of an eye's forgotten dreamscape
for another twenty four hours. - "The Insomniac's Song"—R.C.C.

by Rebecca Burtman

Photographer Colleen LaSota and I assured the proprietor of the pizza place that we really were waiting to meeting somebody any minute now, and no, we didn't want to order anything. The four members of Balloon Guy eventually straggled in, lugging their instruments along. They were pretty pumped up and didn't have a lot of time to hang out, but they sat still long enough to tell us a few things about themselves before leaving to perform nearby at First Avenue that evening.

As I switched on my dictaphone, second guitar player ("stunt guitar") Mike Hill proceeded to bring out his own tape recorder saying that, for legal reasons, he would also be recording our conversation. But instead of starting to record, he played a few seconds of the Spanish-language cable channel - it sounded like a commercial to me. Anyway, as their time was limited, vocalist Matt Olson suggested we get down to the business at hand. "Time to pretend to be a band," quipped Mike. Sitting at the table with Matt and Mike were Scott Tretter, bass player, and Erik Mathison, drummer.

Although they describe themselves as "lifers" in the Minneapolis area, Matt told us a story that the guys once tried to pass off on an audience. Supposedly, they were four brothers from Mahnomen MN who started their band in ninth grade. Erik and Scott received hockey scholarships from the U of M in Minneapolis, and Matt and Mike came down to attend The Dunwoody Institute. The guys then re-formed the band. But the audience was on to their tale as Matt remembered, "nobody believed us," so they haven't used the story since.

Matt got his start in music early on. He described a picture of himself at the age of four, wearing one of his mother's old wigs, with the guitar strap that he still uses tied around his head as a bandanna, holding an acoustic guitar. He believes his uncle had an influence on his musical tastes - that uncle was a "hot rod guy" who was "heavy into Led Zeppelin". Another influence was the drummer for Jethro Tull, whose parents lived across the street from Matt in Faribault. At that time he decided to play the drums because, "it was kind of wussy to do anything else". Since then he's switched to the guitar.

Drummer Erik said that his musical career began when he auditioned for the school band in the third grade. He wanted to play drums, but the band director assigned him to the saxophone. That lasted for about six months, until Erik's brother, who was actually playing drums, quit to race motorcycles. Erik seized the opportunity and has been pounding away ever since. Erik says he went through a Kiss phase at one point; Matt also mentioned that while he never liked their music, he had sketched them on some notebooks when he was in sixth grade. One of the guys recalled, "I started playing in a band because it looked cool" and as he wasn't a jock, it was sort of validation in the social-ranking order society of high school.

When I asked how the band got together, Mike responded with one of his typical one-liners: "the swingers hotline". Actually, the band formed via introductions from mutual friends and by working at the same music store - the Electric Fetus - for "way too long" said Erik of himself and Mike. All four had been in other bands previously and Mike had been in several with names containing the word "red". Go figure.

How did Balloon Guy choose their name? "From a long list of several stupid ones" said Matt. "Naming a band," said Erik, "is the worst. No matter what you pick, you get tired of it and eventually regret it. Parents must go through the same thing when trying to name a child!"

Matt does all of the songwriting. His inspiration come from "the Hulk series - Lou Ferrigno". (Okay Matt, whatever you say) He starts by just sort of "plucking around" until a particular note hits him. Then he brings it to the other guys and they all work on arranging the songs, beating them into shape, etc. The lyrics usually get added as they go along.

Balloon Guy has done a little bit of out-of-town touring (L.A. and Chicago) but, said Matt, "We don't have a van, so we have to walk. It takes a lot longer." The band doesn't "play any city with a population under five million. Only major metropolitan areas." Someone mentioned Sao Paolo and Rio de Janeiro?! When not touring, they usually play at First Avenue & 7th Street Entry, the Uptown, and have played at least once at the 400 Bar - post-remodeling. The fans that have come to see them are "friends, and people I've never seen before in my life" said Matt. Mike says he still doesn't believe that all of the people in the club are there to see them and reasoned that, "they must be here for one of the other bands."

"Naming a band is the worst. No matter what you pick, you get tired of it and eventually regret it. Parents must go through the same thing when trying to name a child!"—ERIK

Matt felt that Radio K has been incredibly supportive of the band - to a mystifying level, even. He added that he didn't know how the station could be any cooler, but he also liked REV 105 FM, for "when the sun goes down".

The band has been together for just over two years, and only one year of that has been actual performance time. They do, however, have four seven-inch sin-

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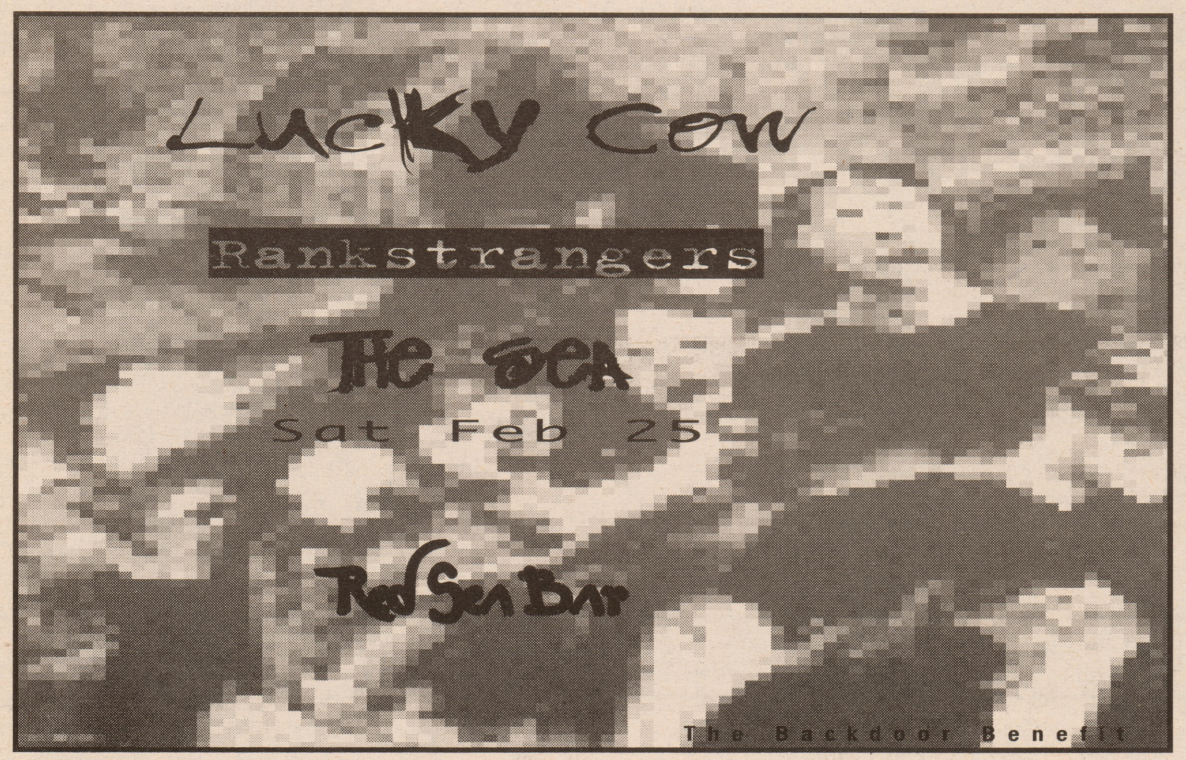
gles out - the last one on the Generator label. There are, incidentally, rumors floating around that Balloon Guy is in the final stages of working out a contract with Capitol Records to sign on with them, but the band will neither deny or confirm the information.

I asked them if there were any outstanding memories or past occurrences that stood out. Early in their performing career, Matt remembered being flashed by a female audience member and said, "I totally lost my composure. My guitar went out of tune and everything." Believe it or not, this woman was someone Matt had known for quite a while. You can always count on your friends to keep you on your toes...

Currently, the band feels like they are getting to a point where they can concentrate on their music full time. On the other hand, they all have "day" jobs. Matt, Mike and Erik work at music shops, and Scott drives a truck.

I asked for any parting comments before I released the guys to Colleen for photographs. Mike said "Let's clean up the streets, shall we?" There you go, Balloon Guy at their finest.



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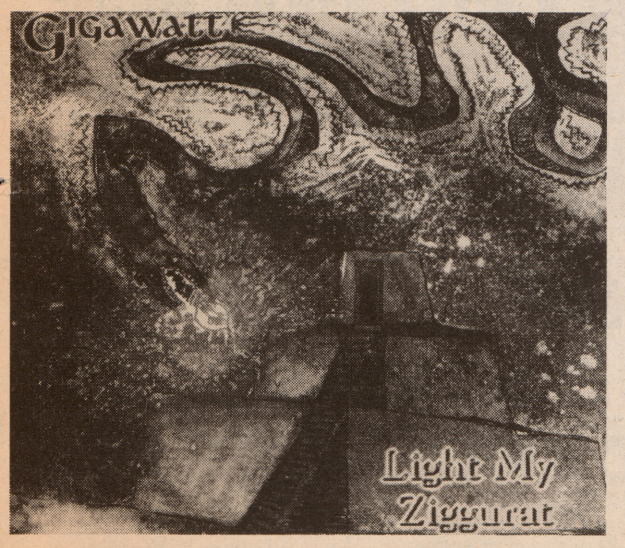
2- (Shoulder shrug; I don't know) Take this music off the shelf after 5 days, or it'll be collecting dust.
1-(Hell no!) Warning: Cheapo employees will laugh hysterically at you when you try to sell it back .



Gigawatt— "Light My Ziggurat"
These guys are producing some nice new music. They are tight in an odd way that makes the drums, bass, and guitar seem like they are standing side by side in a musical line-up leaving the listener to identify which of them is guilty of having the most funk. The break downs provide a unique addition; if the song is slow, then the breakdown is fast and vice versa, creating a harmonious contradiction in the tune "Three Days". This is some good listening and a band that all should be on the look out for. (5)

Stereo 360 Sound—Demo
O.K. not bad; there is some definite potential here. I like the heavy guitar and deep throat bass all coming together to form a sound that resembles the metal tightness of Tool and the West coast funk of The Minutemen and Fire Hose. The "movin' on up" cover has to go; otherwise, pretty good work. (4)

House of large sizes— "My Ass Kicking Life"
Not bad. The singer has a voice that fluctuates between Perry Ferrell and the front man for the Violent Femmes. They are definitely riding on that thin line that separates metal from Rock & Roll. Overall, Stereo 360 has a tight-ass recording, but not much originality. They should keep experimenting with slow songs like "Sneaking up on you". (3 1/2)

Vinegar Madonna—Demo
Now this is some true hard core. The choppy rhythms led along by the side winding guitar leads provide enjoyment for all those diehardhard core punk rock fans. Vinegar Madonna also has the right idea by making a good recording that sounds better than their live performances. (3)

Hoopsnakes— "Live Snakes"
Live Snakes is the typical blues album in the original sense of the word. There aren't to many surprises as far as style goes, but each song is done with the expertise of musicians who have successfully mastered the musical genre of "white boy" blues. The song "The world ain't round" has a deep down lugubrious feel that flirts with the soulful feelings of gospel, but stays true to the roots of blues. "I can tell" proves the bands diversity with it's upbeat tempo and call and response chorus. Nice Work! (5)

Afro-Plane— "Afro-Plane"
The low groaning bass "riffs" are funky and mix well with the beats and samples that have a nice lovin' feel to em'. The Song "Afrodisiac" could move to heights unknown if marketed correctly. The street wily references in the lyrics bring a nice afro-centric feeling of no bullshit to the tape. The mix of rap with funk is a combination that is still hard to swallow after Urban Dance Squad tried it and had moderate success. (31/2)

Avatar— "With a Vengeance"
If your a true dirty down to the bone loyal metal fan, then Avatar is the band you need to check out. The guitar and bass are so heavy, I felt like my brain was being sawed in half by a Back & Decker bass/guitar chain saw. For the most part, Avatar is a hybrid of Metallica and Slayer, but if you're a true head-banger this shouldn't be a problem. The singer could tune down the horror vocals a little. (4)

Like Hell—LP
This is definitely hard as hell What distinguishes Like Hell from the rest is that bass and guitar become wrapped in the tightness of the drums. All of this makes for a metal egg roll whose heavy metallic death beats weigh 500 pounds in the listener's stomach. The lyrics could use some work, but he song "Midas Touch" was a good way to start the LP off.(3 1/2)

Paul Metsa— "Mississippi Farewell"
A nice breath of authenticity. Paul Metsa mixes rock & roll, blues, and Western into a nice home brewed concoction that's easy to sip. The country guitar fits in well with an assortment of instruments creating a rhythm that trickles lightly across the taste buds of listeners who crave a drink from the fountain of Western/blues. "Black Cadillac" was my tune of choice. (4)

Janitor Joe— "Lucky"
This is a band that has one foot in the streets of hard core punk rock and one on the curb of metal. Their music is definitely typical of Minneapolis' "Indie" sound where just about anything is tried, so keep trying.(3)

Wood— "Wood"
Good shit! Wood has an original sound which is hard to come by around here. The album starts off with two good songs: "Alice Drives A Bus" and "That I Song", then it drops to the ground towards "Nice" and then picks the tempo back up again at "Grease Me up". The strength of their music comes from an integration of a natural guitar and an honest bassist whose lines slide easily into bed with the drummers beats, especially on the slow tunes. Nice work! (5)

Vertigo— "Nailhole"
Nail hole has an alright sound, but it is not something that I would say is new to this area. The heavy guitar and hard-core flow really do little to improve the overall music. The more and more I listen, the more my body reminisces jumping off of the stage at Goofy's Upper Deck years ago when this would have been "rad". Now it's the 90's and the old school is through, but if you need a hard core injection then Vertigo has got "the bomb". (3)

Bhangra Beat— "The New Sound"
Yo, I can't even front, this is some new shit that I'm sure very few people in MN have heard. These beats are definitely an outgrowth of "house" music with the fast pulsating beats and cyber melodies. What makes it so exotic is that the British East Indians have found a creative way to mix their culture's laid back music with the Western world's hectic beats. Who knows, maybe this will be the newest groove amongst the rave community. We'll wait and see. (3)

Collage— "Lolly gag"
This cd has a languid feel to it that's not very exciting. It takes a pretty loyal audience to make this kind of music go big. I did like "Aussie Boy" and "Irish Cream" because Terry Blessing's singing is kind of rough yet alluring in a round about way. Furthermore, Cindy Lawson, the back up singer, has a voice whose pleasantness almost takes front and center on "Irish Cream"; keep a lookout out for her.(3)

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Tina Arradondo

Getting Real With Tina Arradondo

Let's talk about sex baby,
Let's talk about you and me,
Let's talk about all the good things
And the bad things that may be.
-Salt N Pepa

by TJ Lawrence

Photos by Adam Thompson

Is Tina Arradondo "real" enough to make a bologney sandwich? I had the pleasure of interviewing Tina at her home located near Broadway and Penn Ave N. It's the kind of neighborhood where the neighbors stand at the windows and monitor the action. My interview was her first interview of the night; later she would be off to KMOJ to yuk it up on-air with "Chilly" Charles to promote her Glam Slam debut. In the midst of all the action: a print interview, photo shoot, and radio gig, she took time out to fix a sandwich for her father who needs to eat to regulate his diabetes. No denying, the girl is real!

Tina's song "Homeo" is heard regularly on KMOJ, it has a smooth R&B track by Levert with Tina rappin' on top. While the line "Where for art thou Homeo?" can strike one as corny, the storyline is not. It details a girlfriend's yearning for her slain homeboy. Even though it isn't a personal account from Tina's life, it is relevant to the environment around her. She uses local geographical references like Lyndale and Broadway, to her sister Theresa calling with the news of Homeo's death to illustrate her point. Consequently, some people have accused her of "not being herself" because "Homeo" is not a true story. Tina asks, "If it's coming from my mind and I'm writing it, how is that not being real?"

The twenty year-old performer/songwriter is quick to point out that she is not in a gang. "It's always been around me. Luckily, I've been able to avoid it and not get too much involved." There was, however, a time when she had a "gang-banging" boyfriend. Unlike Homeo, he survived his shooting. Scared about Tina's involvement with him, her parents sent her to an Arkansas farm to live with relatives ("Hated it"). She came back and, an admittedly hard-headed Arradondo, got back together with him. In the end she says, "It worked out though. I finally grew up from that." She realized there was no future running with the gangs, even though she looks at gang members as individuals-some do wrong while others don't.

We talked about another threat to young people, AIDS, and the ignorance coupled with the blatant denial surrounding it. Her latest single, "Lovers at Night, Strangers In the Morning," includes the need to "protect thyself from someone else's cum." Arradondo knows that people don't consider AIDS a real concern. Many are still under the misconception that only homosexuals and drug users are at risk. "They don't realize it until somebody close to them or themselves get it, and it shouldn't have to go that far for them to realize how serious it is." While Tina knew someone who died from the disease, she says she was aware of the danger before that. Plus, Tina knows AIDS isn't the only disease spread from sexual contact, "It's different diseases that can cause you to not be able to have kids and can mess up your insides."

"I think AIDS is a plague," says Arradondo. I ask if she's referring to the Bible. As I Suspected, she does feel that people have become disconnected from God and this is his way of getting their attention. "I really believe that God looks at the earth and says 'What can I do to open these people's eyes?'." Arradondo looks at AIDS as a sign, and doesn't know what people are going to do about it. She does know what her response to it is. At one time she had multiple partners but now she doesn't; she has also tested negative for the virus. While waiting for marriage isn't a popular idea, she believes it's the best thing to do. "It's just realizing that a man might be fine, but so what?"

When talking about her inspiration for "Lovers at Night ,Strangers In the Morning," she admits that she's had her share of one night stands. I ask, "You can say that with your dad in the next room?" (I can't help but be aware of his presence as he cheers on the Vikings.) She answers that her dad understands her better than anybody. "I can talk to my dad. He's always been there for us. He's a good guy." Although he is proud of her, Tina says he doesn't show it, and he does get tired of her loud music. Plus, he thinks she listens to it too much. Her stepmother, on the other hand, gets a kick out of it. Despite the differences in music, family ties are an important element to Arradondo. "They'll always support me-even if I flop one day."

"They say 'Girl if you ever become rich, you're going to forget about everything.' But that's not me. I try to convince them of that. They'll have to wait and see."

Tina grew up in the church and comes from a religious family. Throughout the home there are lacquered prayers and Christian pictures on the walls. Tina says she prays, but not every night. What does she pray about? She asks God to help her be successful, strong, and real. Being real is very important to this young woman who is fast becoming one of the Twin Cities most popular rap performers. Those who know her are afraid success will go to her head. "They say, 'Girl, if you ever become rich, you're gonna forget about everything.' But, that's not me, I try to convince them of that. They'll have to wait and see," said Arradondo. Those doubters may have the chance soon, but what exactly is success for Tina Arradondo? It doesn't mean being at the top of the charts, although, she does admit that it would be nice. Financial success would be another bonus. Mainly, she wants recognition as a writer, and respect as a musician.

Tina Arradondo has only one obstacle standing in the way of her success-she hasn't been signed to a label yet. Her tapes are still being shipped around to prospects like Motown, Flyte Tyme, and Arista. If her reception at home is any indication, then she won't have to wait very long. She may just be starting out, but when her break does come, we will all remember her from when she was just beginning. We can also check her if she ever gets "fake" and full of bologney.

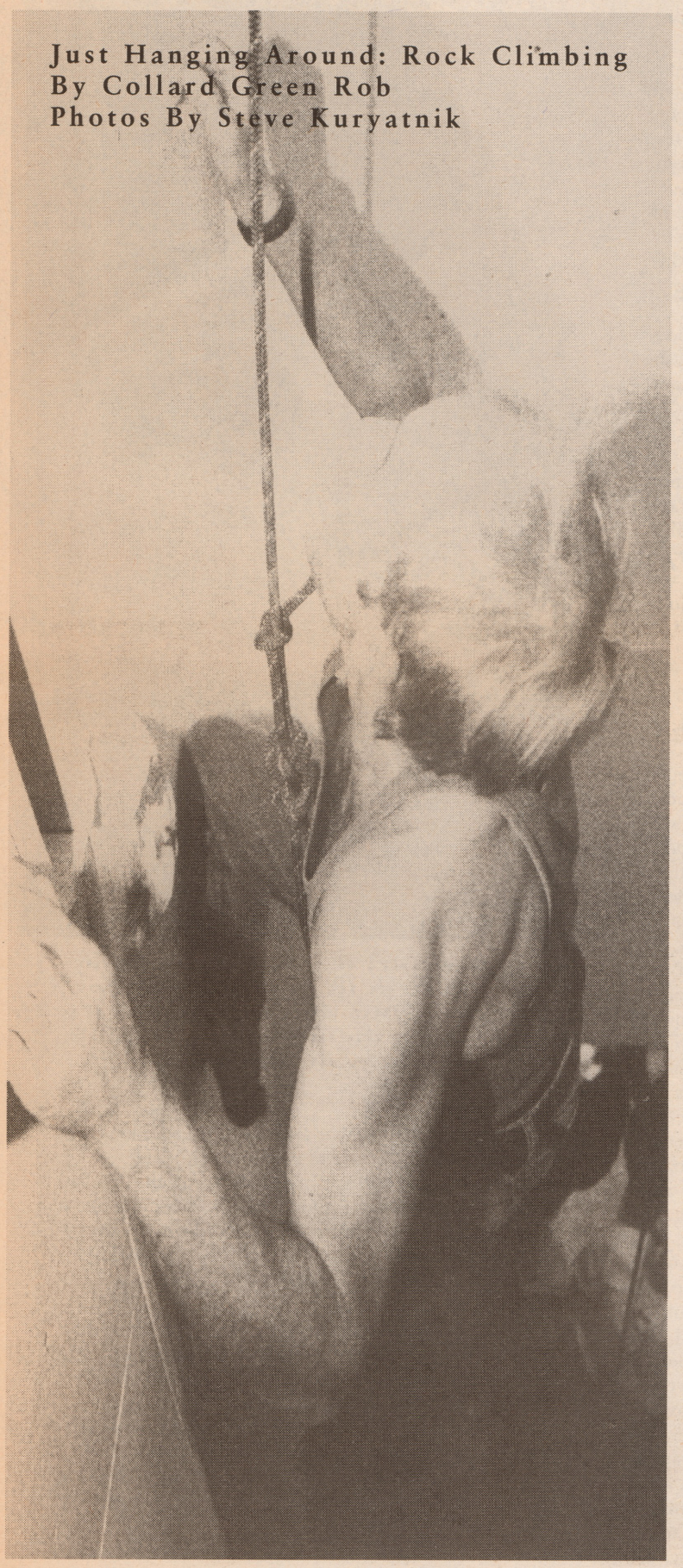
SPoRTZ

Alternative Sports

Just Hanging Around: Rock Climbing

By Collard Green Rob

Photos By Steve Kuryatnik



Hell No! When a brotha' like me is on top, I can't look down, especially when it's this high up in the air. The last time I went climbing, I was hopping over a fence successfully escaping "detox" and a few slow-ass Minneapolis police officers. Well, as you're reading this, I'm currently kickin' it on an indoor climbing wall at P.J. Asch Otterfitters in Stillwater. They say this is a sport that has become even more popular in recent years. As far as I'm concerned, I still cannot understand why anybody would want to climb a damb rock or a mountain. Of course I had find out, so I decided to give it a try, and now I'm 46 feet in the air, with nothing but some nylon ropes tied to my around my beer gut, hanging onto a wall, and trying not to look down so I can escape this predicament. While I decide upon next my course of action, here is some info about the sport of rock climbing.

There are four rooms in the climbing center at P.J. Asch Otterfitters, and in each room there are four walls that stand about 46 feet high. Sprinkled across the face of the solid plywood walls are the "holds" that climbers grab on to when climbing. Each hold is a different size and shape (the smaller ones are harder to hang onto) and decorated to simulate various types of volcanic rocks. The order in which the holds are placed makes up a "route" that the climber follows to the top; they are laid in varying degrees of difficulty and spaced from one another in a way that poses the climber with the same obstacles and problems an outdoor climber encounters on the side of a mountain

The indoor climbing walls serve the primary purpose of exposing a beginning climber to the basic fundamentals of out door climbing. Beginners can come in for an inexpensive fee and learn the proper usage of the equipment and practice the body mechanics that will help them in their an outdoor ascension. Advanced climbers may also use the walls to warm up before moving on to the natural elements..

When a potential climber first comes in, he is fitted with a pair of shoes whose cloth fits around the feet like moccasins. A sticky rubber sole has been added to help an individual secure footing while climbing, by either "front point" (using the tips of the toes) or "edge" (using the side of the foot). A harness, that resembles a pair of holy cut-off jeans shorts with just the seams left, is strapped around the buttocks and thighs. A rope is then woven from the ground up, through an anchor at the top of the climb, and then back down to the ground. One end of the rope is tied into the climbers harness, and the other runs through a "belaying" device on a partner's harness. A belaying device allows the second partner to give and take slack from the climber as they move towards the top. If the climber should fall , then the belayer pays out slack to keep the climber from hitting the wall, and takes it in to stop an all out fall to the ground. The set up just described is known as "top roping", but for the more advanced climber, there are other methods that supply an even greater challenge. "lead" climbing is another form of climbing where, instead of placing an anchor at the top of a climb, "you both start out at the bottom of the climb; the leader will go up and place what ya call protection...A lot of routes have bolts pre-placed into the rock..and you clip into those and clip the rope into that [the protection] as you're going" explained P.J. Asch employee Greg Filipek. To clear up the language for the confused, there is no anchor at the top; one climber simply goes up with a rope attached to his harness, and some extra slack. As he moves towards the top, the climber places a bolt or anchor into a crack in the rock and then clips the rope into the protection with an adjustable steel loop called a caribiner; all the climber has to do is clip in as he goes along. "The idea is that if you fall, you only fall as far as where you are to the last place you clipped in and then that much further so you won't fall all the way to the ground, so if you place a lot of pieces as your going up you won't fall very far." Every now and then, a strong enough fall occurs where the shock might tear out one of the pieces, but usually the next piece will hold firmly to keep the climber from hitting the ground. In extremely rare instances, "zippering" happens where all the pieces come out. Both of these accidents, however, are as likely to happen as the Wiley Coyote catching that skinny-ass road-runner.

"It's like vertical dance"

Contrary to most assumptions, rock climbing is a very safe sport. Only when an individual does go beyond their capabilities does a tragic event happen.

Once a climber becomes very familiar with a route, he may attempt to "solo" climb an object with the use of no equipment and only a bag of chalk to keep the hands from sweating. This, form of climbing is not suggested as it can obviously be very dangerous.

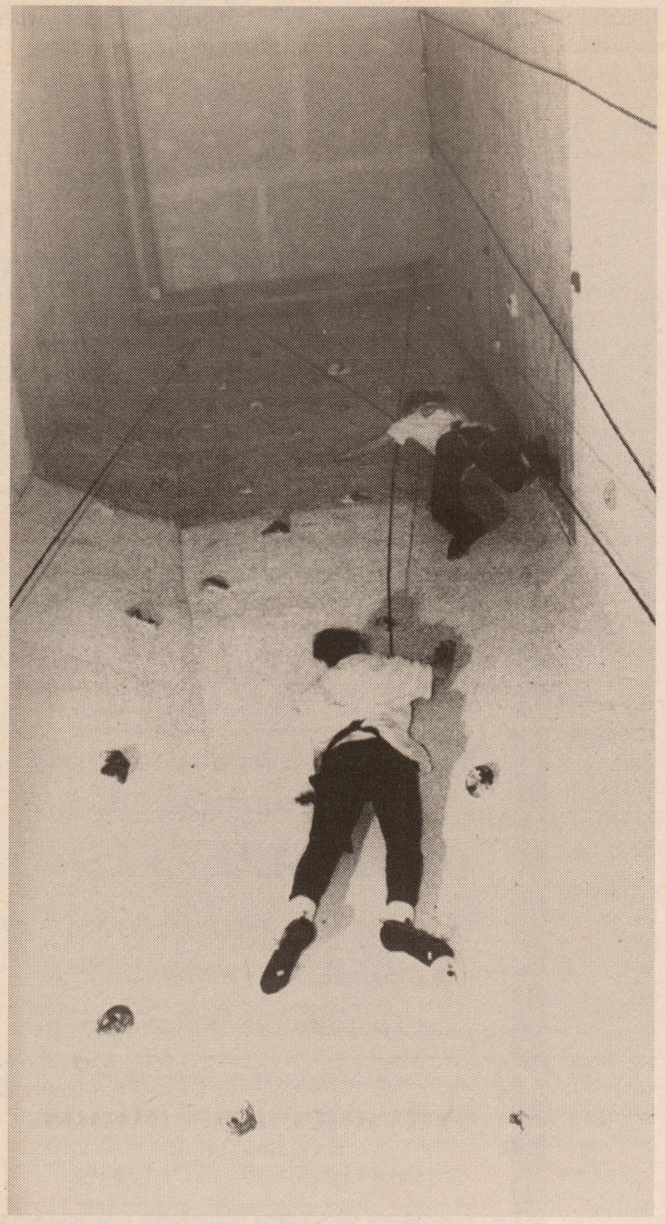
There is much more to climbing than just jumping on the wall and forging your way up; certain techniques should be developed to maximize every available muscle in the body. Usually when a beginner starts out, there is an inclination to rely completely on arm strength to pull the body towards the top. The legs, however, are the stronger muscles that should be used for a climb, while the arms are to be used more for guidance and balance. When a beginning climber uses the arms to do most of the work, they may become "bottlearmed"; a condition where the forearms are sore and swollen from overuse. Once a climber masters the proper climbing methods and develops the leg and arm strength to move more efficiently, "it's like vertical dance"

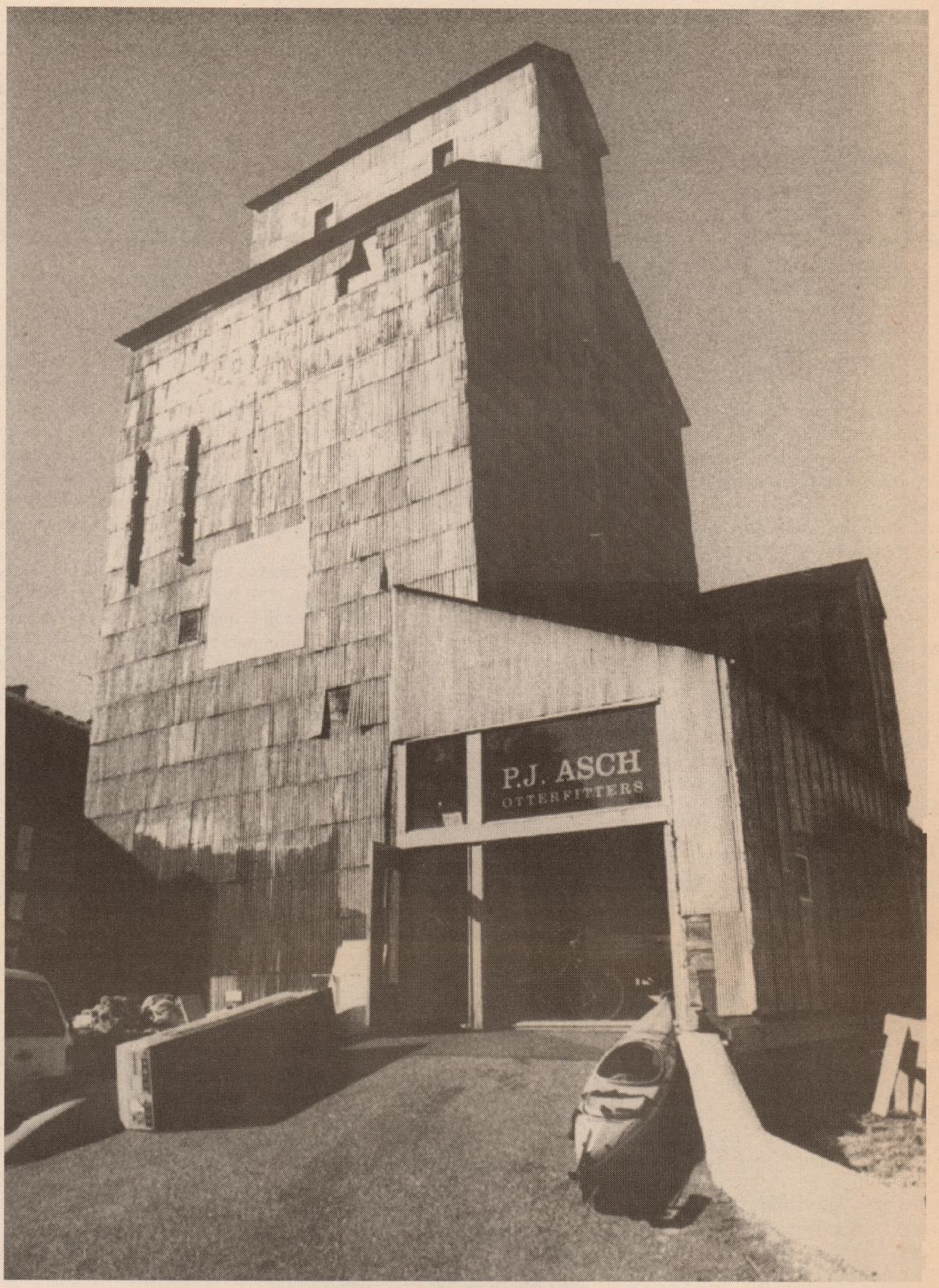
said P.J. Asch owner/partner Randy Waslien.

One of the things I noticed while climbing was that as I approached the top, the angle of the wall began to bend backwards creating a slight "overhang". Overhand climbing is one of the most difficult because more of the weight rests on your arms and the legs are not as useful. On the flip side of overhang climbing is the less strenuous "slab" (low and high angle) climb where the inclination does not go over 90 degrees. Slabing would be more like climbing a steep mountain side or hill. "Bouldering" is the most basic form of climbing where the climber may, without the use of equipment and other tools, ascend various low laying objects such as boulders and rocks.

Most people fail to realize that Minnesota has a few of its own rock climbing treasures such as: Taylor's Falls, Blue Mounds State Park, The North Shore, and Redwing to name a few. Once the snow melts and the thermometer rises above freezing, P.J. Asch will do an outdoor climbing course where they will provide instruction and guidance on rock climbing in Taylor' Falls Minnesota.

Oh yeah, what happened to Collard Green? While I was relaying this story to you, my belayer instructed me on how to descend the wall. Actually, all he did was remind me that "two for ones" were about to start in about a half hour at Liquor Lyles. And faster than a Barbara Carleson marriage, I put my right hand on the rope, my left against the wall, closed my eyes and pushed off. To my surprise I didn't hit the ground in two seconds flat. Instead the belayer "paid" out slack, lowering me smoothly while I bounced off the wall with my feet. Before I knew it, I was on the ground, contemplating going up again, but then I remembered two for ones and was out the door with belayer, ropes and harness all trailing. Without further adieu, like I told baby last night, "stop beggin' for more, I gotz ta' go." Later





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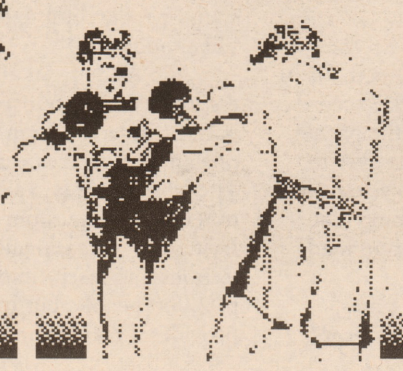

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DJ Cat in the Hat

You See the drum has a power
Its thunder is the voice.
The echoes of a defiled ancestor
Returning like an avenging
angel
and when the drum calls,
You DANCE
or You DIE.—Ta-Nehisi Coates "Resurrecting The Boo-Boom"

by Jenny Gantz

The early '90s have been a blur of clear dish soap, desert camouflage uniforms and trekkie conventions. They have also seen an explosion of pulsating, energetic rhythms coupled with intense, all-night dance clusters: raves. Ravers may remember the size of the party, the people they danced with or the never-ending beat propelling them onward until 4 a.m. They may not, however, remember the DJ's behind the sound systems who launched the waves of music at them.

Kevin Irvin, a.k.a. "DJ Cat in the Hat," sees a different side of raves, from the promoter's and DJ's viewpoint. While spending his days working for his graphic design company (Monster X, which creates CD, cassette and vinyl album covers), Irvin got into raves about three years ago. Inspired by the after-hours underground scene, he became a rave DJ because it was the music he was already listening to, and he had no burning desire to be a wedding DJ. "It gives me music money. It pays for its own habits," Irvin said as he leaned across a sunlit window table at Bryant Lake Bowl. For the most part he doesn't have a consistent schedule of spinning, he claims, maybe about 30-40 gigs a year. Otherwise, Irvin sticks with the part-time, weekend job because, "It's like playing percussion, there's a real connection between the room dancing and the source of the groove. My objective is to make people dance."

"Any 3-year-old can put a needle on and play, but when you really get into it [spinning], it's as complex or involved as any musical instrument."

Raves began to crop up on the East Coast years ago and slowly moved westward. The first event actually labeled a "rave" didn't hit Minneapolis until 1991, according to Irvin. In the last few years not only have the parties multiplied, but the music has also started to cross over to radio. This seems odd for a city which only two years ago dumped its only "alternative" radio station claiming that to small a percentage of the total listener population made it an economic disaster.

Some of the more popular current rave tunes, according to Irvin, are "Feet" by Sandals, and "NJ Beat" by Black Science Orchestra. Irvin said he gets a lot of his music, all on vinyl of course, from overseas. While he admits he can't pre-plan a whole set, he usually uses a combination of "house" and "techno. " "It's hard to plan an entire set because you don't know what the room will be like and you have to play to the crowd. A good crowd will warm up to the DJ at the same time the DJ warms up to the crowd."

He tries to vary the music he plays, and compares the organization of his sets to a Grateful Dead show. Diversity is vital. "It starts off basic and pretty accessible so the maximum number of people can hop on the groove. Then once everyone is on, you can take it wherever you want to go. You start at point A and go to point B and then bring it back down to A again." But more important than the style or flow of a set is the music itself. "Phat", accessible grooves with softer, less aggressive tones detail Irvin's definition of "house." When asked to compare it to "techno," which he describes as a harder-edged grind, he says it's the difference between pot and speed; for the most part, rave music is defined by beats, sound samples and the overall vibe of the song. On a more spiritual note, Irvin sees it as an almost metaphysical joining of mind and movement.

Some of his past promoting efforts include the raves "Joker" and "Reunion." In these events Irvin worked as a producer, with one or more promoters designing and distributing posters, DJing and helping finance the show. The first concern when setting up an event, is the space. "It can take anywhere from three weeks to a day to find a space. Once the space is nailed down it's another four to five weeks," Said Cat in the Hat of the difficulties of organizing a gig. Another concern is the available sound system. Usually the promoters provide this, but if they do not Irvin owns his own equipment except for the system. His main technical complaint is the lack of monitors at some spaces. "Some sound people think DJs can mix with just headphones, but I like monitors."

Aside from all the technical jargon, raves have a distinct electric atmosphere. Depending on the location, a party can have fifteen feet of speakers stacked on top of one another to create an existence of nothing but music. The whole area is typically black and you can't see the other side of the room where the sound emanates from, Irvin said. Occasionally, you'll find 60's overhead oil projections and laser "intellibeams,". Crowds may swell up to 2,000 people, but Irvin felt that while a large crowd provides a good sound, it can also be very impersonal. Cat in the Hat also reminded us that, "super-big parties attract a really young crowd and when you're 24, it's not comfortable hanging out with a bunch of 16-year-olds"

Irvin obviously prefers the smaller, more intimate parties. Yet such parties, along with their original hippie aura, may soon face extinction. "Now it's an attitude, a 'real raver' attitude and dress. It started out with only two show promoters, and they tried to put on the best show they could. As it became bigger, it started becoming a money thing and the [rave] scene has lost a lot of its underground elements. If you're not doing a big party with big DJs it's either not a 'rave' so it's not cool or it's not a good rave so it's not cool." Despite his self-proclaimed jaded attitude toward the scene, Irvin plans to continue life as a part-time DJ. In fact, he said he'd gladly spin at a club seven nights a week if the opportunity came up, but the chance are few. With so many DJs around, it's all about politics; being in the right place at the right time and kissing the right ass, he explains.

Even so, "DJ Cat in the Hat" (a name inspired by his tattoo and because he thinks Dr. Suess is the coolest), is at the right place for the time being. He usually gets paid cash for his gigs and the freedom to delve into his favorite grooves. In the mean time he enjoys the balance between creating graphics and "phat" vibes, while at the same time taking his job seriously. "Any 3-year-old can put a needle on and play, but when you really get into it [spinning], it's as complex or involved as any musical instrument." What more could this Ohio-born Minnesotan want? Certainly not 16 hours of class a week and a job at Rainbow selling clear soap.

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Dogshine

The Smell of Zen

by Terry Hanold

"I am here nor there"-Six Usual Flavors-Dogshine

Dogshine is:
Shane: Vocals
Jeff: Guitar, vocals
Lane: Bass
Kebs: Drums

Take a slow walk, without purpose, through the Wedge neighborhood sometime. You will be bombarded by the smells of exhaust, patchouli, coffee, fashion-statement body funk, clove cigarettes, and stale beer. Ah, beer. If you are near Franklin and Lyndale, chances are you're inhaling the odor from the mouth of a half-drunk beer bottle huddled against the side of Mortimer' s Bar & Grill, meekly waiting to be kicked aside. But wait! Underneath that sweet odor lies an even more intriguing and mysterious scent. A stink brimming with hormones, vigor, and among other things, previously digested beer. But you know one thing for sure: whoever — or whatever — left it is unlikely to pass a urinalysis anytime soon. The scent makes a neat circle around Mortimer's. Someone has marked this territory as their own. But who?
Nose close to the ground, you continue your investigation. In addition to Mortimer's, the territory includes Hum's liquor store, where the trail leads immediately to the Leinenkugel's section of the cooler. Whoever left it went out of their way to leave their mark on some of the cars in the parking lot. Right on! The trail continues back towards Rudolph's, then disappears up Ridgewood.
Traces of cigarette smoke linger in the air; you are getting closer.
A few blocks later, you have arrived at the source. It is an unassuming two-story house with a panoramic view of I-94, nestled among drug drive-throughs and halfway houses for the insane. Welcome to the "Doghouse", where the members of Dogshine turn around three times before they lay down, fall down, pass out, or whatever.
While the house on Ridgewood is the first place to look if you are trying to find someone in Dogshine, their actual living arrangements are somewhat more fluid. Kebs, the drummer, moved out a while ago so that he could increase his chances of making it to work. It is a testament to his dedication — or perhaps his sloth — that he went so far as to move in with his boss. Shane, the band's front-man, seems to be happy wherever there is a free couch — the operative word being "free".
The doghouse couches help to cultivate a certain vibe for the group: they are broken-down, smelly, disgustingly stained, and completely threadbare — kind of like the way you would imagine the Velveteen Rabbit if it were a piece of furniture. The draw of Dogshine goes far beyond interior decoration. It is almost as if the house has an aura of, (for lack of a better word) peace. In the entire history of the band, including its most recent incarnation with Shane as the lead singer, arguments can be counted on one hand. The Ten Commandments of band harmony have been simplified to four guidelines: Lane and Jeff shalt not try to program the VCR without adult supervision, Thou shalt not do somersaults on stage, Shane shall get a job, and Thou shalt not get in the way when the band argueth about who's turn it is to drive the tour bus. If only Moses had it so easy.
There are many reasons for Dogshine's relative harmony. First of all, the only member who comes off as even occasionally uptight is Jeff who wears the many hats of guitarist, vocalist, recording engineer, and de facto manager. Then there is the band's long history: Jeff, Lane, and Kebs are originally from Duluth, and have been playing together since they were teenagers. In the intervening seven years they have gone their separate ways, only to find themselves reunited in Minneapolis. Shane came on board about a year ago, and it has been smooth sailing ever since.
It's easy to get the impression that the members of Dogshine would be happy just about anywhere. From a biological standpoint, where the survival of an organism is dependent on its ability to adapt, Dogshine is the ultimate cockroach: almost impossible to kill, and able to survive for months on a rotten banana peel. Simply put, there aren't many dogs that would voluntarily live in the "Doghouse". Sure, it would be a cool place to sniff around for a while, but sleep there?!

"I get obsessed, sometimes. I'll lock myself into my room and come out fourteen hours later, with fifteen new songs." Jeff

The house isn't all bad, of course. With a little effort and an open mind you can find beauty anywhere. I came to this realization in the bathroom, as I found myself in the process of putting down the toilet seat. Someone had obviously worked incredibly hard over a long period of time to make that bathroom what it is today. I looked, I named it (short and curly on yellow and porcelain white), and I left the seat up. Oh well. When in Rome, do as the Romans do. Feeling liberated, I took a swig from the partially-full beer bottle someone had left on the back of the tank and returned to the world of Dogshine, savoring the unexpected combination of stale beer and chewing tobacco spit.
Ah, the Zen of Dogshine. Do not do, just be. Be, and the doing will come of its own accord. To this day, a year after his first performance with Dogshine, Shane still hasn't received notice that he is an official member of the group. "The guys still haven't told me I'm in the band. I know that I am, but..." Considering that Shane started off his first encounter with the band by declaring "I'm Shane, and I'm going to be your next singer," it has been a pretty open-ended relationship. Jeff, who was the main force behind the search for a vocalist, wasn't in a hurry to get things set in stone. "He didn't even sing for week, [Shane] just kept hanging out." According to Shane, it couldn't have worked out any better. "We had to become friends before we were bandmates...It's what I've always wanted in a band. It's what I've always wanted for my life."
Official bandmates or not, Dogshine is definitely a band to be reckoned with. They have built up a loyal following in Minneapolis, and can often be found playing with their kindred spirits, the Style Monkeez. Recent gigs include touring with Minneapolooza, and an appearance at First Avenue's "New Band Showcase". Given Dogshine's history with the club, it's not surprising that First Ave is among Jeff's favorite places to play. "The Entry has been really kind to us. We always get a good crowd, and people seem to really get into our music."
Dogshine's success is well deserved. The band is tight; Jeff and Lane play off of each other well, while Kebs' drumming provides a strong backbone. As one would expect, given the Dogshine Zen, Shane fits smoothly into the mix. After almost a year of singing old lyrics which were written by Jeff and the band's old singer; Shane's influence on the band is increasing. "Shane is coming into his own...Everything: singing, confidence, lyrics — his lyrics have become really good." Jeff shares a lot of the writing duties, which suites Shane just fine. "So far, most of our lyrics are written by Jeff. Which is OK. I'm improving, and Jeff and I work well together... A lot of times, we both write something, and it turns out that Jeff's stuff is better. I mean, he is an amazing musician."
The driving force behind Dogshine, is Jeff. "I get obsessed, sometimes. I'll lock myself into my room and come out fourteen hours later, with fifteen new songs." There certainly isn't any question about his tolerance for pain. Dogshine's last performance not only left Jeff sweaty, but bloody as well. He tore his hand open in the middle of the set and, by the time it was finished, his guitar looked like it had been designed by Freddy Kruger instead of Fender. Both the pickups strings were caked with blood, but Jeff looked more proud than shocked. "Dude..." Oh well. The show must go on...
No matter how intense he gets, Jeff goes out of his way to make sure that he doesn't upset the balance. "We were sitting there talking one night, and I was freaking out because I was feeling like I was pushing my stuff on everyone." In typical Dogshine fashion, it was no big deal. "They just said that I was really prolific."
With a stable group of members, a strong following, and a new album on the way, Dogshine's fortunes are looking up. Until now, it hasn't always been such smooth sailing. During the recording of their last album, Six Usual Flavors,, the band suffered through an array of personal tragedies. For Jeff, it was almost as if the band had a death wish. "When we recorded our last tape, I had two of my friends die, Shane had two of his family members die, Lane had one of his family members die, and three of us had parents who were getting divorced. In the time it took to record one tape, all of that happened... The day that the tapes were delivered, the van blew up... As soon as the album was done, all of the shit stopped."
If Jeff has any fears the next album will be recorded under a similar cloud of bad luck, it doesn't show. He just bought a new eight-track, and he is practically in heaven. "All I worry about now is breaking strings. I break more goddamn strings... It's unbelievable." I start to feel sorry for him as I watch him break not one, but two strings while trying to record a single three minute scratch track. I thought he was going to break his guitar over his knee when the second string broke but, after a couple of "Fucks" and a few "Shits", he took a deep breath and gave himself a little advice. "Alright Jeff, calm down. This is not a big deal." With Dogshine, it never is. END

Ghost Dance Deluxe

I was walkin' down the street just the other day
When a cop hit me up for somethin' I didn't say
There was no reason, there was no rhyme
They just fucked with me to waste some time
It was a scary thing they could've wasted me
The cops have the power and the gun don't speak
It's simple lies they don't tell you in school
You're just not cool if you don't follow their rules—
"Man In Blue"-Youth Brigade

HUT HUT...GUILTY:
GHOST DANCE DELUXE
by Terry Hanold

By the end of August 1994, the Twin Cities didn't have to depend too heavily on bad news from either Texas or the coasts. We had a shocking incident of our own to keep us nice and busy. Just after the mayoral elections, when the late summer air was heavy with complicated social issues, a possibly confused (and certainly lethal) man named Baker went on a shooting rampage and killed two St. Paul police officers and a police dog. The event was dramatic: a massive manhunt was organized after the first officer was killed, and Baker killed the second officer and his dog by the time he was apprehended a few hours later. Not surprisingly, the news coverage was extensive, both during the manhunt and in the aftermath. There were profiles of all the key players, and eulogies for the dead. There were analyses, commentaries, and an endless parade of instant replays.

"When we put the flyers up , we thought that we were so small and insignificant that the only people who would notice us are the people that go to our show. To think that we got statewide coverage for 75 flyers, well, then this is a pretty boring town,"

It had all the makings of a perfect event. The drama was clear-cut and a simple case of good vs. bad. The bad guy was a sociopath who killed two men in cold blood, with calculation and a chilling expertise. Even worse, the men he killed were police, protectors of the peace.

During this brief time last summer, over the course of a day marked by special bulletins and news updates, the people of Minnesota found a sense of connection. The slayings made everyone feel terrible, and it was wonderful.

It was right in the midst of this crystal-clear togetherness that somebody dared to muddy the waters. Ghost Dance Deluxe, a Minneapolis band with something of a reputation as cop-baiters, distributed a flyer promoting their upcoming concert at First Avenue. It was a sure-fire attention grabber: a newspaper headline reading "2 St. Paul officers slain" was splayed across the flyer, with the word "officers" crossed out and replaced with the word "pigs". It wasn't long before the flyer attracted the attention of the police, and soon after, the Licensing Unit of the MPD's Special Investigations Division faxed a copy to First Avenue. First Avenue's reaction was swift (which is not surprising considering that the Licensing Unit just happens to have the power to revoke nightclub licenses). By the end of the day all of the flyers had been taken down, and the band's show had been canceled. Not surprisingly, the media had a field day. Editorials appeared in the papers, and Good ol' Toms all up and down the radio dial couldn't wait to start taking calls. Just when it seemed the issue was fading out — it was granted a surprise overtime.

Well, the media had a great time with it. They interviewed the police the chiefs, the mayors, and First Avenue employees. In fact, they interviewed just about everybody — except for the guys who put up the flyers in the first place. In spite of all the talk, there was never a discussion. It was a pep-rally, a chance to gather around the flag and cheer for the winning team, but what about the guys who perpetuated this evil against the cop loving mood; has anyone heard from them yet?.....

According to the band Ghost Dance Deluxe, the whole situation was exacerbated beyond their expectations. "When we put the flyers up , we thought that we were so small and insignificant that the only people who would notice us are the people that go to our show. To think that we got statewide coverage for 75 flyers, well, then this is a pretty boring town," said Buzz Crow, the group's organist. The problem with the incident, from Ghost Dance Deluxe's standpoint, was that they had done something provocative that was intended to be positive. They blame the media for not coming to them directly and asking what their impetus was for the flyers. "I mean, they didn't even bother to contact us. WCCO didn't call us before they started slandering us across the air. Steve McClellan was interviewed, Norm Coleman was interviewed. The St. Paul Police chief was interviewed, but was the band that put up the flyer interviewed? No. They never even tried to contact us. Why?" asked Buzz. What made it even worse was that some of the "alternative" papers in the area, (whom Ghost Dance Deluxe considered more likely to dig deeper than the "word on the street") just followed along with the rest of the crowd in aspersive and one-sided articles that painted the group as very radical.

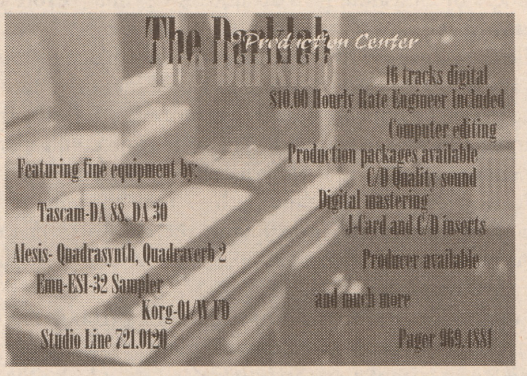
"Not all cops are good cops or good people. The question I wanna ask is, if an organization's intent is to cause genocide or homicide for some, why should individuals in the organization be excused?"

Ghost Dance does, on the other hand, realize the seriousness of their actions as Rueben explained, "I can see where they'd be upset, but it still isn't right to cancel a show. I can understand why First Avenue canceled the show, but I still think it's bullshit that the show got canceled. I mean, we didn't hurt anyone. It wasn't intentional to hurt their feelings."

Whether or not their intentions were to cause upheaval, some members of the band still maintain an attitude that is not favorable towards the police. They stressed the age-old point that when murders or mishaps happens to the police, it is played up as an extremely large affair. On the other hand, if misfortune befalls the rest of the community, very little is said or done in terms of media coverage.

"I also feel those two officers were not people I knew, but when you give that much exposure to two people just because of the position that they hold in the community, it's wrong because when other average citizens die, in the community, they don't get that much exposure. If you don't care about them, about our brothers and sisters, why should we care when your people get it?" Furthermore, D.C. added "Not all cops are good cops or good people. The question I wanna ask is, if an organization's intent is to cause genocide or homicide for some, why should individuals in the organization be excused?"

Whether or not the band is an outspoken force to be reckoned with in the Twin Cities, it should be kept in mind that they are merely performers, and expressing themselves is their business no matter how offensive the delivery may be. Remember Sinead O'Connor as a prime example of the shock treatments artists use to get a point across. Buzz said of himself, "To me, no it wasn't insensitive. It was a humble creative attempt to get across a point of view. We are entertainers, our concept as entertainers is to cause you to entertain thought. We're not up here posing, we're pushing a positive perspective with solutions. we're rock and roll, and that's an aspect of a musician, to want to push buttons in that way." Whatever your take is on the issue, one thing is clear. Instead of giving a nod to the issues implicit in the flyer — police brutality, institutionalized racism, etc. — and explaining why they didn't apply in this case, people fell over themselves in their hurry to condemn the band. Giving the band even the slightest bit of legitimacy would have risked breaking the public's bubble of escapism, and might even throw into question the righteousness of all that shared outrage. No one wanted to do that. It felt too good to be on the winning team.



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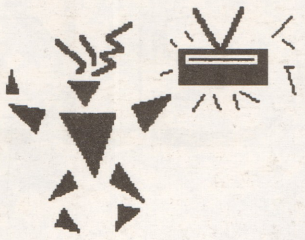

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